## MADE THE CIRCUS MEN PAY

CURLY JOHNSON'S FARO LUCK NEAR LY BROKE UP THE SHOW.

Made \$12,000 Out of an Original \$2 and Then Offered to Pay All the Back Wages of the Show, Give a Free Performance if the Proprietors Didn't Come to Time. WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.- "The warmest eard that I ever rubbed up against in the circus business," said an old-time loss menngerie man now attached to the Washington Zoo, was Curly Johnson, who played the cornet and ran the band of a one-ringer and one-nighttander that I was mixed up with back in the

late seventies. Johnson had been a trumpeter. in the regular army, had served as cook for any number of Southwestern serveying outfits, and had been broke in almost every old place on this hemisphere, from Alaske to Patagonia, before he drifted into the windsamming business with this circus layout I'm talking about. He was about 0 feet 6 inche high, weighed 270 pounds, could get under any wagon we had and lift it clear of the ground on his shoulders, could drink more sagebrush whiskey than any six hobo tentmen, and, finally. The could play the cornet so that it sounded like a woman's voice. He was a quiet sort of duck, Johnson was, and he never had a chance to prove what a genuine hot proposition he was until we struck Leavenworth, Kan. along toward the end of the summer of 1879.

The snow got into Leavenworth from Topeka over the overland wagon trail, for the brothers who owned the outfit didn't waste any money on railroad transportation when dates could be made by wagon moves. The show had been making money right along since the beginning of the season, and yet when we got into Leavenworth the wages of all ands, from performers to tentmen, were near-By two months in arrears. We had got together in committees representing the different departments of the outfit on several occamions since the owners of the show, for no ap parent reason, began to skip pay tays, and had duly registered our kick, but we were conned to a standstill by the two proprietors, ho were smooth reople and notorious in the business as salary forgetters. They scat-tered \$2 bills to the members of the kick committees and paid the rest of the outfit off in promises. As the three-quarter-acre tent was jammed right along, at afternoon and night performances, with 25 and 50 cent and 81 rowds, and no paper, we couldn't see any excuse for this pay-day shyness, and we got pretty ugly when it began to look like we were being skinned. But the season was almost over and most of us needed the ride back East when the show went into winter quarters, and so we stuck on with the hope that the owners would tumble to their dirtiness and come to taw along toward the wind-up of the season.

There had been a big row at Topeka, sev eral of the main performers refusing to go on at the afternoon performances without some of the long green with which to wipe the perspiration from their hands. They grumbled s heap when the \$2-bill act was worked off on them by the proprietors, but they consented to go on when the two brothers solemnly promised to settle in full when the show struck Leavenworth. The employees were pretty ugly in Topeka, too, and there was a whole lot talk among them about turning the animals loose and slitting the tent into ribbons if the owners didn't cough up at Leavenworth, the next stand. I hadn't had a drink of whiskey nor smoked a two-fer for a couple of months, and so I shared the general restlessness.

"Now, this Curly Johnson, the band boss, seemed to be the least bothered of the whole putAt over the backwardness of salaries. He had a bad lot in his band, and the men came to him with hefty kicks two or three times a day, but he told 'em he wasn't any pay clerk for the outfit, and that he'd like to have the price of a shave and a shine himself, which he hadn't. Altogether there was a pretty furilot of sawdusters in the morning parade in Leavenworth, and as soon as the parade turned in there was a spontaneous meeting of all hands in the main tent that looked like trouble and a whose lot of it for the two oily members who owned the show.

"You never heard such a chaw-bacon of a time in your life as went on in that tent for fifteen minutes or so. The two brothers, each of whom was known to be worth close on to \$500,000, put on the poorest mouth you ever waw, said they neither of 'em had personally the price of a beer, said the show had been copping \$1,000 a day since the beginning of the season, and tried their deradest to make pap talk like this stick. Then they put their heads together, disappeared for a couple of minutes, and when they returned with a hand matchel lugged between 'em, they declared a \$2 dividend until after the night performance, when they swore there'd he a proper settlemen for all hands. There wasn't much of a hurrah overthis game, and the spokesman for the batch of us plainly told the two brothers that if every dollar of wages for all hands wasn't settled im-mediately after the night performance the cireus wouldn't move cut of town, and that was all there was about it. I don't know what dodge the two proprietors had in mind to put through in lieu of paying off after the night show, but whatever their dodge was it didn't happen, for things were otherwise arranged

long before the night show was due to begin. "When Curly Johnson got his \$2 bill he walked outside the tent, looked at it for a minnte reflectively, and then, turning to one of the bandsmen, he said: 'I'd like to knock off working for these two

con. men. But I can't make any place that's worth living in on this two-spot, can 12' "Might get to Oskaloosa on the two,' said the bandsman, Oskaloosa being then regarded

as the bummest town on the globe.

"Johnson thoughtfully stuck his \$2 bill in his yest pocket, and, as it was only 11 o'clock in the morning and he had a couple of hours' spare time before the afternoon show began. he hit the pike for the town. He didn't stor to take a drink or get a shave, but he made direct for the Bon Ton fare bank on Shawne street, which was then run by a nervy sport to be downtown myself buying up some chuck meat for the animals and I saw Curly when he was entering the Bon Ton. I joined him and asked him where he had made a raise to his up the bank. from Denver named Col. Jamison. I happened

was entering the Bon Ton. I joined him and asked him where he had made a raise to him to the bank.

"Tm going to see if I can't make enough of winning on this two-spot to buy a ticket for some place or other—Arizona by choice, if the box treats me right,' he replied.

Better stake yourself, to a square feed, a shave, a clean collar and a smoke, Curly, I said to him. You've been tabbing cases long enough to know that there's no win-out in a \$2 hill.'

"Well,' he sighed, 'I'll take a chance.'

said to him. You've been tabbing cases long enough to know that there's no win-out in a \$2 hill.

"Well," he sighed. Til take a chanes.
"I followed him into the Bon Ton and he walked over to a table where a dealer was shuffling preparatory to running out a new boxful. There were four chubbers sitting at the table, sloughing off 50-cent chips, and Curly stood behind the chair or one of them and watched the deal for a few minutes. Then he dug into his pocket, brought out his greasy \$2 bill and put it down on the six. The six showed on the right side after a few masses and the dealer threw out a clean new \$2 bill on top of the greasy one. Johnson put the \$4 in his pocket and walked over to another table—there were nine tables in full blast in the room, for Leavenworth used to profit by its nearness to the big cattle trail at that time and the town was full of paid-off backers and freighters and cattlemen on leave after the annual round-up. The chirs were \$1 each at this second table Curly walked up to, and he walked for the beginning of a new deal. After the deal was about a quarter under way Johnson, keeping his eye on the bad and paper work of the man in the chair in front of him, again put down his wad, \$4 this time, on the six. The six was the next card out on the right side and Curly tacked \$8 in his vest pocket. Then he walked over to another table, waited, as previously, for a new box full, and this time he but a copper on the \$8 which he put on the six. The six came right for him again and he stuffed \$10 into his clothes. Johnson moved on to the next table and repeated the performance, again coppering the six, and he had \$32 wherewith to hit up the next table in his progress.

"That's a queer system you've got, said I to him then. It's like matching after coppering the six, why don't you cinch your \$52 and have some fun out of it?

"That trying to get out of the circus business. Curly replied, quietly, and it looks like

this is my day.

"He played the six to win at the next table with his \$32, and he had \$44 with him to walk on to the next table down the line. He had attracted a lot of attention by this time, and about

a dozen of the players had quit their game just to follow him around. He had stooped jamming his winnings into his vest pocket, but just gathered them up in a wad to carry along to the next layout. He coppered the six with his \$94, and the card came out to the left almost immediately. With his \$128 xripped in his nand, he strode on then to the next table, out the whole bunch down on the six to win, and writted for action. There was no sign of a six until the remainder of the box was almighty thin, and it looked as if, even if the card did come right out it would have to be on top of a split. It came out right and it wasn't on non of a split. It came out right and it wasn't on top of a split. It came out right and it wasn't on top of a split. It came out right and it wasn't and there were two sixes, the last cards in the box, under the king. Curly gathered up his \$250 in both hands and started for the next table. I gave him a dig in the arm.

"Come on away, I said. You can't put these people out of business, you know, You've had too much buil-headed luck already. Don't be a hoog.

"It looks like this is my day, he answered, "I might as well play out the string."

ind too much buil-headed luck already. Don't be a liogs.

It looks like this is my day,' he answered, coolly. I might as well play out the string.

There was a \$200 limit on all the tables, but Col. Jamison, the beas of the layout, who had been watching Johnson's play with a good deal of amusement over its pairable amateur ishness, passed the word along to the dealers that the limit was removed for the circus wind-jammer. Jamison figured that the cornor player was bound to drop the whole burdle on he next play or so. Johnson plached \$56 out then he nut \$200 on the six to lose, after watching three-quarters of a box full dished out. He had the copper right, for the six came out on the left, and the dealer passed out \$200 to pile on the \$200 Johnson had put down on his frayerite card. Jamison looked a bit surprised by this time, and he followed after points on when the circus man struck the next table.

next table.
"'Is the limit still off?" Johnson asked Jaml

Ts the limit still off?" Johnson asked Jamison. Jamison nodded, and Johnson dropped bis \$400 in bills and gold on the six to lose again. The six lost, and the dealer counted out \$400 from his drawer.

"You're a sucker if you don't chuck it now." I whispered to the bug windiammer. "How many straight wins do you expect to make? Why tan yourself on every play, anyhow? Can't you binch a few hundred out?"

This being my day'—he started to answer me, when the deal opened at the table he was booming over, and, waiting only for the first six to show he socked his \$800 on the next six to win, after directing an inquiring look at Jamison. The latter anodded, the dealer worked 'em out slowly, and ten or a dozen cards after Curly's play out came the six on the winning side.—If then told Johnson, not in a whisier, but so that all hands in the joint could hear me, that he'd, be a damned fool if he made another bet for the day. Johnson only grinned sheepishly at me, and then he asked Jamison if the limit was still cff.

"If you double every time, replied Jamison, it's off until I turn my thumbs down."

I was mad clean through at Johnson because he wouldn't quit when he had such a good bundle, and so I walked outside and waited for him to come out. I felt perfectly confident that he would be broke when he did come out. After about fifteen mnutes I heard a cheer inside, and after a little delay Curly earne to the door and beckoned to me. He had made three more wins, doubling each time, and he had Jamison's check, payable on a cheer inside, and after a little delay Curly came to the door and beckened to me. He had made three more wins, doubling each time, and he had Jamison's check, payable on demand, for \$5,000, and notes and gold in both of the deep peckets of his linen duster to the amount of \$7,800. The cheer inside had broken out when Col. Jamison, after writing the \$5,000 check, had told Curly that the limit was on again, whereupon Johnson, collecting his winnings, ceased play. I went with him to the national bank across the way, where he cashed the \$5,000 check. Then we took a room at the Mansion House for a while inorder that Johnson might count up his money and arrange it to be put away. He counted just \$12,860, all of it made out of a single \$2 bet. By this time; it was close onto the time for the afternoon performance.

"Before I start out on the large and gilt-edged drunk upon which I am about to embark—before, in fact. I take a single drink,' said Johnson to menafter he had finished counting his winnings, I think I'll put a little scheme in operation to make the owners of the show pay back salaries down to the last doilar."

"I asked him how he was going to do it, but

"I asked him how he was going to do it, but he simply told me to get into a barouche with him. We drove out to the show grounds. The news of Curly's huge winnings was out there long ahead of us, and Johnson got the cheer from all hands that sounded like a 'Hey. Rube' yelp. Johnson walked direct to the cheer from all hands that sounded like a 'Hey. Rube' yelp. Johnson walked direct to the cheer from all hands that sounded like a 'Hey. Rube' yelp. Johnson walked direct to the cheer from all hands that sounded like a 'Hey. Rube' yelp. Johnson walked direct to the outlet ent of the two proprietors, said 'How de do,' to them in an offhand way, and then put his business before them.

"You're going to pay off all 'hands now-right now-before the afternoen performance, ain't you?' he asked the brothers.

"They looked at him in astonishment, They had been too busy to hear of Curly's luck at the Bon Ton in the morning.

"What the devil are you talking about?' they asked the cornet player in a breath. 'How long have you been the spokesman of the show?'

"Just since Learne in here,' replied Johns." Tasked him how he was going to do it, but

ow?'
Just since I came in here,' replied John Just since I came in here, replied Johnson coolly. You're going to hay every man, woman and kid attached to the show every cent that you owe them right now, before the afternoon performance, or I'm going to get them together in a bunch and give a free show on a big vagant lot with your people this evening. How's that?" "The two brothers gave Curly the hoot. They

"The two brothers gave Curly the hoot. They thought he was drunk.

"I mean what I say," he told them. The "Il follow me, and this town" ll have any circus at all I you don't pay every one of 'em every dollar before the first turn at the performance that's

now que.
"Get out of this tent,' said the two brothers.
"Curly walked around to the dressing rooms,
where all the performers were about making
up for the alternoon show, and he made a speech to them

speech to them.

"The just made a bluff to the bosses to have
all salaries vaid before the afternoon show, he
said. And it isn't such a big bluff at that.
I told be me that if they didn't cough up every
cent of back pay right now I'd get you all together, we'd rig up a ring on a yagant together, we'd rig up a ring on a yagant lomewhere in town and give a free-for-all ow to the town to-night. They gave me the igh. I mean it. You all stand by me and show to the town to-night. They gave me the laugh. I mean it. You all stand by me and refuse to go on without getting all your money, and if they don't come to time I'll pay'all hands myself out of the bunch I bicked up this morning. I undertake to do that. But they'll come to taw. They've got two dozen dates ahead with money in them and they can't stand a break-up. Are you with me?

Ther let out a whoop for Curly then and there, and then Johnson made another speech call of the employees, telling them the same thing that he had told the performers. They, too, gave Curly the big cheer, and we were with him to a man. The two brothers who owned the show stood by and took the whole thing in with consternation on their faces—they had meantime heard of Johnson's big bank winnings—and they looked like they were out on a limb.

"All salaries going to be paid right now?" Johnson asked them once more.

"They were too much confused to make any renly and so Johnson beckoned to the band, which was standing near, to strike up a march. He took the head of the hand and away they morthous the sum of the land and away they morthous for the employees and performers to fall in behind. We all did fall in and Johnson led the whole outfit—as queer a procession as you ever saw—to a big vacant lot about a mile from the circus grounds, where he stopped.

as you ever saw—to a big vacant lot about a mile from the circus grounds, where he stopped.

Here's where we give the free show tonight, said Johnson to the crowd of us. Throw the ring up, and I'll hustle downtown to rent gear and rain—make for the circus.

We all knew that J linson's play was more or less of a bluff, but we also knew that he was game to stand for it in case the bluff didn't have the effect sought on the owners. I went downtown with Johnson and he imade for a printing office. He was writing a big dodger, thousands of copies of which he was going to have distributed all over the town, announcing that a free-for-all circus would be given on the Pawnee street vacant lot by the identical people who had, on that afternoon, quit the Blank Brothers' show because they hadn't been paid for two months, when the two brothers came rushing in and held him up. They had wilted, Johnson's determination got them going.

We pay salaries immediately, you leafer, they said to him. There are 2,000 people waiting now for the show to zo on. We ray all salaries immediately but yours. You wait.

Oh, that's all right about mine, realied.

wait."

"Ob, thut's all right about mine, 'replied Johnson grinning. I've got a dollar or two on the side. But I'll just go along with you and see that you pay before the show goes on, all the same.

"And derived if he didn't do just that thing. The two brothers hustled juto a baryonche."

"And derived if he didn't do just that thing. The two brothers hustled into a barouche and gathered all the people on the vacant lot together, scurried them out to the show grounds in carriages and when they got there they were raid off to the last nickel, each of em hustling away to his static in immediately upon receiving his money. Johnson stood by grinning and watched the "hole performance, Then he walked out of the tent, went downtown and that was the last ever seen or heard of Curly Johnson in the circus business. The \$12,000 drank he had coming may have finished him for all any of us ever heard."

## Altruistic Son of Henven.

The Emperor recently escaped from his prison to the island at the Southern Lakes. Fine Park, where he had been confined by the Empress-bowager since the coup détat. But when his Majesty got to the park gates the imperial guard, all creatures of the Empress-bowager, and creatures of the Empress-bowager, shut the great gates in his Majesty's face. A crowd of cunuclis, who dared not offer the imperial person any violence or attempt to use force in preventing his Majesty walking to the park gates, however, followed him in a body, and upon the gates being closed they all knelt in front of the Emperor, beseching his Majesty with tears to have nerey on them and not attempt to escape, for it would mean the death of all of them, as well as of the guardsmen at the gates, were he to do see. The guardsmen also kowtowed and joined in the general prayer, while on the other hand they sent one of their number to apprise the Empress-Bowager at Pekin of the matter. The Emperor finally took pity on his suppliant subjects and quietly returned to his prison. From the North China Herald.

WHIMS OF INDIAN SCOUTS.

AN ARMY OFFICER'S DANGEROUS RIDE WITH APACHES.

Alone in the Chiricahua Mountains with a Farty of Disaffected Indian Police When a Grizzly Bear Came Along and Supplied the Test Needed to Secure Their Respect.

"Indian scouts are useful, indispensable in fact, in campsigning against certain tribes of the Western plains and mountains," said an army officer who has seen service all along the Western plains and mountains," said an animy officer who has seen service all along the Western plains and mountains," said an intended to the Mexican line and across it. "Our resultar soldiers are fine fighters, as good as any in the world, patient, brave, and enduring, and they have no trouble in disposing of Indians under any fair odds once they can bring them to battle; but just here is the trouble, to catch them. The Indians, born and bred in the country, knowing every foot of it, accustomed to warfare and to moving swiftly over wide spaces, and hampered by no baggage train or other impedimenta, can keep nawy from a greatly superior pursuing force of civilized soldiers for a long time. If they decide to fight they are able usually to choose their own place and time for giving battle. This is especially true of the Apaches, who have been the most invelorately hostile and the hardest to deal with of all the Western tribes, and the most can be a superior pursuing force of civilized soldiers for a long time. If they decide to fight they are able usually to choose their own place and time for giving battle. This is especially true of the Apaches, who have been the most invelorately hostile and the hardest to deal with of all the Western tribes, and the proposed the most as secouts for the regular army, and without their services in this way the Government might have failed to this day in making or getting away from a nenumy.

"Of all our Indians, the Apaches have been employed the most as secouts for the regular army, and without their services in this way in making the southwest Territories, New Mexic

settlers. In first organizing this service men from one Apache tribe were enlisted to figh those of another tribe. Later, when all the Apache tribes had been put on reservations. the Indian scouts and police were found quite as ready to perform their duty with their own tribesmen as with offenders of another tribe. When called on to take the field against hostile Indians they fully match them in cunning and endurance. They know every move of the enemy, can trail him night and day and fight him in his own fashion when they come up with him. Almost without exception the Apache scouts have been loyal to the Government and have done their duty bravely and faithfully. But their usefulness depends greatly upon the qualities of the officer who leads them They must first and foremost respect him, and any suspicion of timidity or lack of prompt deeision in his behavior forfeits his efficient control over them, and may even be dangerous to his safety. Nowhere is force of character. pure and simple, more appreciated and bowed to than among Indians, and in dealing with them in friendship or war the lack of it is fatal. "It was about the time that Gen. Crook wound up his famous campaigns against the Apaches that I came with my new Lieutenant's commission to Camp Bowie, Arizona. Crook had whipped the Apaches out and out, had killed a great many, and had corralled all the tribes in reservations except a few warriors, a remnant of Cochise's old band, who had refused to surrender and had gone into the Sierra Madres across the Mexican border, where he could not reach them. The Apaches, for the time being, had enough of fighting, and so things were quiet for a while. This gave me time to pick up some Spanish and Apache words for use with the Indian scouts before 1 was called on to lead them anywhere. I had he chance to go as junior officer on a scouting expedition or two, and so got a little the hang of the thing before I was assigned to the com-

mand of scouts myself. "It was in early autumn that I got my first orders to go out with a detail of Apaches to scout the Chiricahua Mountains southward as far as the Mexican line and return by way of the San Simon Plain. It was difficult country. wholly new to me, as it was to most men then and, to make the thing worse, there had just been a shifting of scouts at the post, and there was not a man in my command that I knew except Casimiro Grijalba, a Mexican, who acted as interpreter. But of course I took my assignment thankfully, made my requisitions for a ten days' trip, and rode out of the post the next morning into the southwest opening of Apache Pass, sitting very straight on my horse. with Grijalba riding by my side and twent Apache scouts stringing along on foot behind

and the next morning took into the mountains The country after passing the foothills was in my command who owned to having been in the mountains before. He was a half-Mexican Apache called Durango, the least to be trusted of any. Haif my men might have fought or hunted through and through the whole range, and known every pass and spring and valley in it; but that sort of knowledge an Indian keeps to himself, and until he knows and trusts his commander he simply follows his orders and leaves him, without so much as a hint of assistance, to find his own way. I knew too much by this time to show a sign of hesitancy, and, helped by Grigibla, an admirable and trustworthy man, I picked out my route, good or bad, riding ahead into all sorts of places, scanning the ground and sky for Indian sign, and generally making a grand bluff of knowing everything about everything for effect upon my men. Perhaps I overdid the thing, for on the third day I began to notice a change in the behavior of the scouts. They had started briskly from Camp Bowle, as pleased, apparently, as a pack of hunting dogs at taking a trail. For the first two duys, at any time on the way, they were ready to dart off in chase of a jackrabbit or turkey, laughing as they followed and headed off their victim at every turn and usually carrying it along at the end to help out the Government rations at supper at the bivouac. Now they had grown silent and sullen, talking together in undertones at our halts and taking up the route tagain with little willingness. Durango, the half-Mexican Apache, had the most to say among them, and I could see that they listened to his words. Casimiro Grijaba, who understood the Apache tongue and character better than any other white man living, was quietly attentive to what went on in camp and on trail, but said nothing to me of what he heard and saw. When I noticed a shade of anxiety appearing in his face I took the first chance to ask him what was wrong with the scouts. I put my questions to him on the morning of the fourth day as we two rode up a grassy valley, hemmed in by steep mountain to report any Apache fires he might see, and the rest of the secouts were leahind us about 200 yards down the valley, where I had ordered them to wait until of any. Half my men might have fought or hunted through and through the whole range

report any Apache fires he might see, and the rest of the seouts were behind us about 200 yards down the valley, where I had ordered them to wait until the Indian came back from the mountain.

"What is the matter with the seouts, Casimiro? I asked. They seem to have grown unwilling and sulky." He shrugged his shoulders and nodded. Tes, senor, he said. They get that way sometimes. It is their nature.

"But this won't do,' I said. The way they feel now, I can't trust them to report any Indian signs they find, much less to take up a trail and follow it. And how much could I depend on them if we fell in with the hostiles? They would leave us in the lurch, if they did not join them outright." It is the talk of Durango that makes the other Indians' hearts bad. He said gravely. It is the talk of Durango that makes the other Indians' hearts bad. He thinks himself a medicine man and he tells them that it means ill luck if they follow you against their own people—that you are young and know nothing of war and that your heart will quake when danger comes.

"It would have been a great comfort just then to have my half company of regulars at my cail. But here I was in the heart of the Chricahusa alone, except for Grijaba, among twenty Apaches on the verge of mutiny. Things tooked squally and I could see no ending of them that was not bad. I felt that Grijaba's advice would be valuable just then.

"Well, what is to be done? I said. I can see no way but to shoot Durango, and the quicker the better. It will make things no worse, and will bring matters to a head.

"You may have to do it, or I, if you give me the order. But wait until I have talked with the seouts. Ah here comes Durango now to tell us that the seout reports no Apache fires from the mountains. There will be no signs of the corder. But wait until I have talked with the seouts with the half-breed way.

"You may have to do it, or I, if you give me the order. But wait until I have talked with the seouts with the half-breed away.

"I ordered." Durango will stay with m

been and fell in a heap, gasping out his last breaths.

"Casimiro Grijaiba got first to the spot, with the scouts close behind him, and the little Mexican's eyes were dancing. He did not stop by the bear, but rode to the tree where the half-breed was just climbing down, and began to make fun of him, in the Apache tongue, for running away from the bear.

"You are a coyote,' he said. Half breeds, you understand, are called coyotes by the Mexicans. You are not a true Apache, and I am ashamed of the Mexican blood in you. Go back to the reservation and carry water with the women. You are not fit company for men."

"An Indian taxed with an act of cowardice which he has committed before his fellows has not the spirit to show resentment. Durango stood sullen and downcast under Grijaiba's words and the other Apaches jeered and laughed at him.

not the spirit to show resentment. Durango stood sullen and downcast under Grijalba's words and the other Apaches jeered and laughed at him.

Now is your time,' Grijalba said to me in English, not turning his head. 'Disarm him and send him away.'

"I walked over to Durango. His rifle was lving on the ground where he had dropped it when he climbed the tree. 'You are a coward, not fit to serve in my command. I said to him Grijalba translating my words into Apache as I spoke. Take off your cartridge belt.' The half breed unbuckled his belt and the interpreter took it. I held up my watch. I will give you two minutes' start. After that you shall be shot, like the cowardly coyote you are, wherever we find you. Now git. In two minutes, remember, I shall turn loose, I said, and cooked my carbine which, I just remembered, had not a cartridge in it, while my revolver was likewise empty. It was just as well, for the scouts, all loval again now that there was business to do and I had asserted myself, were cocking their rifles waiting for orders to fire, with their cyes glancing from mine to Durango, who was running like a grey-hound for the nearest timber.

"I made the two minutes last until the half-breed had got beyond rifle shot, for I did not want any shooting done. The secouts were disappointed at missing their chance to fire at Durango, but we all went back to the bear, which was a big fellow. I could not take his skin along, but his scaip and the claws of one foot I carried back to the post as a trophy.

"There was no more trouble for me in handing Apache scouts when or at any other time. I was hig chief with this party, and it was not long after our return to Camp Bowie before the story of my killing the grizzly and running the half breed off had travelled over all the reservations and wherever there was a band of Apache scouts. We had some luck, too, before we got back, capturing a party of seven renegades from the San Carlos reservation on their way to the Sierra Madres to join the hostile Chiricahuas and killing

FIFTH AVENUE SHOP WINDOWS. One with Religious Aspect That Suggests the True Christmas Spirit.

Fifth avenue is elate these afternoons, brimful of life and color. There is a stir and movement of hundreds of people intent on hundreds of varying aims and interests, nearly all richly appointed as to person and equipage, and obviously above the necessity of petty and pennywise considerations. The shop windows, lit. early in the wintry twilight, make a gorgeous background for the street pageant, and the sky takes on frost tints and a gamut of colors that even the rich violets and pinks in the florist's and milliner's windows cannot outvie. In all the stir a reserved, distinctive-looking window picture in its unworldly holiday aspect seems peculiarly Christmaslike. With a different meaning from the garlands and horseshoes and good-luck gayeties at the confectioner's. and those other juvenile Christmas symbols that make the toy store windows bright; as precious and costly as the leweller's and furrier's goods, and as artistic as any of the antique rugs and classic draperies at the home furnisher's, this one bric-à-brac window stands for something apart, and on a higher plane than any.

A radiant-looking girl said to her companion the other afternoon as the two, done up smartly in furs and velvets, toured along the avenue and stopped at the window, intent on holiday sights:

Why, it's like a picture, an altar; a little saint's niche, decked with chaste and elegant offerings." " Do you suppose it just happened so, that all

these churchly, unworldly-suggesting things got together here, against this background, or were they arranged by design ?" "I don't know, but it's beautiful, and looks so unique and refined among all the gay milliners' shops, and the decorator's, the furrier's

o unique and refined among all the gay milliners' shops, and the decorator's, the furrier's and confectioner's displays, and this stream of carriages going by." The young women stood for some minutes by the window and commented on each ornate furnishing in turn before they pursued their way.

"Did you notice that window back there?" said one of two men on their way uptown from business. "You were talking as we passed, and I didn't call attention, but it's a benuty—quiet and religious like. Come back and see it." and they turned back and gave due meed of admiration to the window dresser's taste and skill.

"We never had shop windows like that in New York fifteen years ago, even ten years ago," said the older man. "The windows were always dressed, of course, but not in such harmony and agreement of detail as they are now. That window is a picture, a treat to see, finished and satisfactory both as to color and grouping. No fair or exposition stalls, arranged with all the pains and expense possible, give one-half the pleasure that these Fifth avenue windows do at this season of the year. In the first place, you stand outside in the fresh air and look at them, relieved from that feeling of weariness and excitement, always attendant on fairs, and certainly without the annoyance of being urged and ohligated to buy. The Fifth avenue shop window spectacle as it obtains to-day is a benefaction, free to all, and exceeded by nothing anywhere in this country. Window pictures of the kind educate the people. I am not sure, but I take it that the man who planned and arranged that window is a forcing reverence for the legendary, religious aspect of the Christmas festival that takes this means of outlet. That amber wase with the dragon enried about the base and the liberal-sized chalice is suggestive of a christening font, and the window dresser has grouped those certains at her of the Christmas festival that takes this means of outlet. That amber vase with the dragon enried about the base and the liberal-sized chalice is sugges

THREE KINDS OF NERVE.

A TRAPPER'S PLUCK WHEN MAN-GLED BY A BEAR.

with the Man She Loved Joe Lathrop's Nerve Displayed When Held Up by a Centipede and a Robber at the Same Time "In the days when I was knocking around among the Rocky Mountains and beyond, said Col. Nosh Parker of Gordon, Pa., "it required a good many different kinds of nerve for a person to keep the lamp of life from going entirely out, to say nothing of being comfortable and happy. I particularly remember three examples that illustrate how nerve had to be adapted to different walks of life out there in those days in order that everything might come out right. One was the nerve of Jesse Rell, who made a journey of 120 miles with his upper jaw and part of his nose and cheek gone. half of his scalp torn off, one foot crushed and mangled, his right arm frightfully lacerated and three ribs broken. Another was the nerve of the Widow McCool and Jim Kidd. who eloped in spite of Mart Huntoon and his gang of bad men, and Jim was stealing the widow away from Mart at that, or, rather, the widow was stealing herself away from Mart. and taking Jim along. The third was the nerve of Joe Lathrop, who was held up by a road agent and a centipede at the same time, when simply a tremor would have unloaded the centipede's cargo of poison into him or the movement of a finger would have brought the contents of the road agent's gun into his heart.

country, Wyoming. He had a partner who the name of Arkansas Bill. I never knewwhat his real name was, but he was a good one. The time I was in that region Jesse and Arkansas Bill had been prospecting, hunt-ing and trapping about the headwaters of Snake, Wind and Green rivers for some time, and, meeting with poor luck, had worked down to the mouth of Horse Creek, where they found great signs of big game and good fur. Following a herd of antelope one day, the chase took them eight miles toward a high bluff, around one edge of which the hunters were cautiously creeping, Jesse in the lead. Turning a sharp corner of the rock, Jesse came face to face with a big she silver tip, a yearling cub, and two spring cubs. They were not ten feet away. and they saw Jesse as soon as he saw them. They were in a hollow, and the position and place Jesse was in made it a dangerous spot either for an attack on the bears or for defence against them if they should attack. Arkansas Bill had crept to his companion's side before Jesse could warn him what was ahead of them. Bill lost no time in getting back around the corner. Jesse was backing away for the same purpose, when the old bear, her blood being up, made a rush for him Jessa fired as quickly as he could. The shot broke the bear's shoulder, but she came on, more feroclous than ever, Jesse jumped one side, but the bear was too close to be evaded, and she caught him in the side. Hunter and bear tumbled in a heap, the bear on top, at Arkansas Bill's feet. The bear's jaws closed in Jesse's side. Fortunately her under teeth struck a heavy leather bullet pouch that Jesse carried slung over his shoulder by a strap, or her jaws would have come together in Jesse's side and torn it half away. As it was three of his ribs were crushed as if they had been pipestems. Jesse managed to give the bear a powerful kick in the abdomen, and at the same moment Arkansas Bill fired and

lodged a bullet just back of her shoulder. "Paying no attention to Bill, the bear turned her head and grabbed Jesse's right foot just below the ankle and crushed it to a pulp with one savage bite. Not content with that, she bit and chewed at the foot and leg and tore away the flesh at every bite, Jesse all the while struggling to get his revolver out of his belt. This at last caused the bear to wheel about again and she made a grab for Jesse's head. Arkansas Bill had his gun loaded by this timebreech-loaders not having got out there yet-and sent another bullet into the tough old silver tip. This toppled her over, and Jesse raised himself partially to his feet and got his revolver in his left hand. The bear quickly recovered herself and struck Jesse a blow with her paw on the head and face that knocked him down again. He held on to his revolver and sent a bullet into her body. Before he could shoot again the silver tip seized his arm between her teeth and erunched it entirely through. Bill shouted to him to move his head. Jesse did so. At the instant he moved it the bear snapped at it. Jesse Bell, in describing this situation afterward, declared that he could look right down the bear's throat.

"Arkansas Bill, who had been striving to get a chance at the bear, pinced the muzzle of his rifle at the silvertip's ear and fired. She sprang back. She did not take the trouble, though, to loosen the hold of her jaws on Jesse's head and face, but rasped her great teeth over them, tearing away his upper jaw, part of his nose, one check and a piece of his scaip nine inches long and five wide. Then the bear feli over against Arkansas Bill, dend. Her enormous weight over, and Jesse raised himself partially

face, but rasped her greatteeth over them, tearing away his upper jaw, part of his nose, one cheek and a piece of his sealp nine inches long and five wide. Then the bear feil over against Arkansas Bill, dead. Her enormous weight carried him down with her. She fell across his legs and pinned him down. It was some time before Bill could get from beneath the heavy carcass. He was badly hurt, and limped with difficulty to the aid of Jesse, who was sitting up. While he was dressing Jesse's scalp the best he could, the yearling bear, which, with the two cubs, had been a passive spectator of the light, concluded to take it up where the old bear had been forced to leave it and made a savage rush upon the two hunters. Arkansas Bill had a long and severe struggle with the flerce young silver tip before he succeeded in killing the animal with his six-shooter, every chamber-theing emptied before the bear gave up. "Jesse waited patiently and without a groan or murmur until Bill had finished the young bear and returned to the dressing of his wounds. Fixing them up the best way he could with the means at hand, Arkansas Bill took his wounded comrade on his back and started for camp. It was late in the afternoon, and it was important that camp should be reached before dark, for black wolves were common in the hills, and both Jesse and Bill knew they would follow their trail if darkness overtook them. Some idea of Arkansas Bill's capacity may be had when you know that Jesse Bell was a man to feet 4 inches in his stocking feet and made in proportion. The camp was eight miles away, and the way was extremely rough. Bill reached camp with his burden a short time after dark, and was not any too soon, for behind them, and not far away, they heard the howling of pursuing wolves.

"They found the cabin occupied by a stranger, a prospector who had stumbled unon the shelter and entered. He was a providential visitor. Together Arkansas Bill and the stranger fitted a bed of buckskin and furs on tepe poles, which they fastened to Jesse's pon

Spirit Shown by the Widow McCool in Eloping

dance at Sheffeld a couple of nights after Jim struck Dry Cheyenne, and he asked the Widow McCool if she would go with him and take it in, she said she would go with him and take it in, she said she would go with him and take it in, she said she would go with him and take it in, she said she would go with him and take it in, she said she would go with him and take it in, she said she would go with the chances were first rate for their both coming back to Dry Cheyenne feet first. But she and Jim sneaked away, and went to the dance. Sheffield was twenty miles from Dry Cheyenne. It wasn't long before some of the boys missed Jim and the widow. They suspected that they had gone to the dance, and word was sent to Mart. He came down from his ranch, crazy mad, and got together half a dozen or so of his gang, and away they went for Sheffield and the diance. When they got there they found Jim and the Widow McCool in the midst of the festive throng. The widow discovered the new arrivals at once, and quietly asked Jim if he had a pistol. Jim said he had two.

"All right! said the widow. Keep 'em handy. You'll need 'em before long."

"Then she and Jim took their places for the next dance. Before this was over Mart's gang started a row, and began to close in on Jim Kidd. He backed up against a door at one side of the baliroom and whipped out his two six-shooters. The gang pressed on and Jim shot Ed Cooke. Mart's foreman, and another of Mart's men, dead in their track. In the excitement that followed the lights were put out. A second later Jim felt the door open behind him, and he was yanked through it so quick he didn't know where he was until he heard the door bolted and heard the voice of the Widow McCool. The merry widow knew the house, and she had seen that the door Jim backed up against led to a bedroom that had a window on the other side. She had slipped out of doors, got into the bedroom that had a window on percent the door yanked Jim into the room, and bolted the door ragain before any one in the darkness and excite

"Jesse Bell was a miner, prospector, hunter

"Just as quickly as she had yanked Jim into the bedroom by the door she hustied him out of it by the window. They mounted the first two horses they found tied in the yard, and before Mart Huntson and his gang knew what was going on Jim and the Widow McCool were streaking it away on the road to Douglas. Jim had a pistol shot through his left forearm and one through the fleshy part of his left shoulder, but the fugitives rode all that night and all the next day and got to Douglas on branday horses, hired a team and headed for Chadron. Neb. By the time Mart Huntson got the trail at Douglas. Jim and the widow had left Chadron for the East; only the widow wasn't the Widow McCool any more, but Mrs. James Kidd. Mart lost the trail and never found it, and society at Dry Cheyenne and thereabouts wondered for years what had become of Jim and the widow who had nerve enough to steal herself from Mart-Huntson and his gang and to take Jim Ridd with her; and "It was down in New Mexico, in the pamy days of the cheerful pastimes the citizens of that region were wont to induge in that Joe Lathrop was called upon to exercise nerve of a peculiar brand. Joe had come into that delectable country with \$500 in gold, which he was very solicitous about, for it was his intention to make his fortune with it by investing it in a gold mine a friend of his said he had discovered, a few miles from Pueblo. Joe and his and it was suddenly stopped in one of the wildenst stops in all that country, and three rough looking individuals, each at the buttend of a rifle, ordered the passengers to tumble out and line up, with their hands above their heads. One of the three rough looking individuals, each at the buttend of a rifle, ordered the passengers was sto guard the held-up passengers, with emphatic instructions to blow a hole through the first one of them that moved hand or foot, while the other two looked the stage. Joe was stoned for the wild-est scots in all that country, and three roughs looking individuals, each at the butten of the passenger

looted stage and passengers went on to Pueblo. And that was the sort of nerve Joe Lathrop had to have with him that memorable day. A year afterward Joe was one of a posse that pursued a gang of robbers near North Juan, in Nevada, Joe discovered one of the gang hiding behind a rock. He shot the desperado dead, and when he saw his face Joe declared he was happy, for he recognized the man who had held him up during the Pueblo stage robbery that time and gloated over his experience with the centipede."

## AMERICAN FURNITURE.

Here, Too, the Balance of Trade Has Beer Shifted to the Side of the United States.

The United States were for many years a market for foreign-made furniture, especially of the higher and more expensive grades. Mahogany tables, sideboards and cabinets and furniture of rosewood and ebony, particularly desks and tables, were familiar articles of supply, coming chiefly from England and France. In the cheaper lines of furniture the American market was supplied with Americanmade products, but the importations were considerable and grew year by year until the enormous development of America's product of factory-made furniture completely transformed the situation.

By the last Treasury report, the total impor

tations into the United States of cabinet ware and housefurnishings collectively amounted to only \$275,000, and the year previous it was about the same, while the total value of American-made furniture is now in excess of \$100. 000,000 a year. The three chief cities in furni-ture manufacture are New York. Chicago and Grand Rapids, and the business of the latter which had by the last Federal census thirtyone furniture factories and has still a greater the afternoon of the third day they reached Fort Bridges with their wounded charge. On all that remarkable journey Jesse never once complained either of his sufferings or the hardships. I was at the fort when the three men arrived. No explanations were asked three men arrived in the bospital. Then the commandant said to the hospital. Then the commandant said to the hospital three saids and the said arrived three saids are said to the said three three man of the most desirable wood the mast described which some of the most desirable wood three saids and the said three three man of the master of the said three three men of the most desirable wood to the most desirable wood to the said three number now, has been steadily increasing There are in all the United States nearly 1.500

TROUBLE IN BUSINESS CAUSED BY THE SILVER PESO. Rate of Exchange in Official Use and Another Followed Practically - Trick Played on a Cable Company - Porto Ricans Awake to Their Opportunities. SAN JUAN, Porto Bico, Dec. 5.-The unsettled rate of exchange, official and commercial, of the American gold dollar and the Porto Ricar silver peso is perhaps the most perplexing feature of the present reconstruction period, not only to former residents but also to the daily creasing colony of business men from the United States. Owing to this financial question, together with the temporary enforcement of a few Spanish customs and laws, the business interests here are practically at a standstill. Nor will any relief come until the currency question is settled by Congress.

PORTO RICO'S CURRENCY.

When the American troops first landed os the island, Gen. Miles established by military law an official exchange rate of two pesos for an American dollar. This ratio became the commercial rate at first, but the native merchants soon refused to accept \$1 for goods marked two pesos. Consequently the price of a dollar fell to 1.90 and later to 1.60 pesos. By this time the Post Office and Custom House were the only places maintaining the official ex-change rate. Every one who wanted to get the highest price in pesos for his gold, therefore went to these Government houses. But as the imited supply of native silver here soon gave out, even Uncle Sam closed his doors to people in search of two pesos for \$1.

The office of the English Cable Company, in

the meantime, did business at a special English rate, which, based on American gold and Porto Rican silver, was nothing more or less than the two-for-one ratio. The few persons who knew of this little silver mine immediately became patrons of the cable service. For \$1.17 a word they could send a message to the nearest foreign office, St. Thomas Island, and then, by reason of the small amount of American bills and silver in circulation, get pesos in change for their gold at the desired rate. What message and to whom to send it were difficulties easily overcome. If the Americans happened to have friends at St. Thomas, so much the better. On the other hand, if not acquainted there, the Yankees could cable to men whose names appeared in the St. Thomas newspaper. Most of these messages, the clerk remembered later, consisted of one word and were always accompanied by a double gold eagle. Thus their senders, after paying \$1.17, or 2.34 pesos, for the one word, received 37.68 pesos in return, 7.66 pesos more than they could get for the same gold piece on the street, At the other end of the wire, naturally, the receivers of these short cablegrams were greatly puzzled. In one instance a newspaper correspondent recognized the name of an old friend

ceivers of these short cablegrams were greatly puzzled. In one instance a newspaper correspondent recognized the name of an old friend after the word: "Buy."

"What?" cabled back the correspondent.

"Nothing," replied the American,

"Are you crazy, old boy?" inquired the St. Thomas correspondent, not by cable this time, but by the first mail steamer.

"No, my old chum," wrote the new San Juan resident, who, unexpectedly, had a chance to cash another double eagle by the cabled reply of his friend. "I merely sent the message in order to get pesos in change from the cable company" but within a week the cable manager himself discovered his unprofitable trade and refused to pay out any more pesos.

Notwithstanding the refusal of the Custom House and Post Office officials to maintain the two-for-one rate in exchanging money, they still demand this ratio from the jeople. Here, incidentally, is an illustration of the need of an early currency reform. A five-cent United States stamp costs 10 cents in Porto Rican money, two cents more in native conport than five American cents are worth at the money changer's. But instead of paying 10 cents in Porto Rican mative coin, the people exchange sight of their big coppers for a nickel, and thus buy the same stamp for two cents below the price in Porto Rican silver. In the Custom House transactions, where the sums are much larger, the Government rate decidely favors the merchants. If the duty amounts to eight pesos, for example, they can exchange this sum for \$5, minus a small commission, and, after paying their Government bill with \$4, at the two-for-one rate, still have \$1 with which to remember the Stars and Stripes.

The city mail carriers, furthermore, reap a small harvest of copper from the people under the present temporary Post Office a System. Under Spanish rule the Government employed no official postmen, but at the request of the citizens authorized a few men to distribute the mail. For their emporary Post Office a System. Under Spanish rule the Government employed no class of small merchants, the professional money-changers. Their sign, "Money Changed Here." usually hangs outside a cigar store or small native saloon, many of which, thus early, display their patriotism by such placards as "The Dewey." The Bob Fitzsimmons" and "Old Glory." At these places an American gold dollar exchanges for 1.65 peacs, and a silver certificate or bank note for 1.60 peacs. If, however, customers want American gold, they must pay 1.70 peacs in native silver. And whether the market prices rise or fall, the money-changers always make the same percentage.

The \$7.000.000 of special currency now in circulation, here consists of coin hardly, 40 per

The \$7,000,000 of special currency now in circulation here consists of coin hardly 40 tercent, silver, bearing the portrait of young Alfonso XIII., and a small fraction of copper one and two cent pieces, in each of which the people have punched a small hole. By this mark the Porto Ricans hoped to keep at least their copper coin on the Island during Spanish rule. Banco Español notes, which increase in size and denomination alike, amount further to 1.200,000 pesos. Then some paper money, which was issued in 1895, when the present currency took the place of the current Mexican silver, is also now in circulation as a Spanish relic. Three days before the American troops took possession of San Juan this recalled paper, which had been ordered burned by the home Government, was taken from the Treasury vaults and thrown into bonfires. But a gang of newsboys rescued a few hundred thousand pesos and then sold them to the Americans.

## PORTO RICO'S CHURCHES.

Now They Belong to the United States Gov ernment, Says the Rev. Mr. Sloan.

The United States Government is the owner of fifty fine churches and more than thirty con vents, parish houses and other church buildings. This statement is made by the Rev. W. H. Sloan, who returned last week from Porto Rico, where he went to look over the field as an advance agent for the American Baptist Home Mission Society. It; was in the business office of the Secretary of the Interior of the island that Mr. Sloan held the English service. the first in San Juan, an account of which has been telegraphed here. Concerning it Mr. Sloan said:

"The Secretary told me that every church building of every kind on the island of Porto Rico was held in fee simple by the Spanish Government. He said the titles were in his office and not in the hands of the Catholic Church. With the transfer of sovereignty from Spain to the United States the transfer of title passed, and hence the United States are the owner of these buildings. Holding this to be beyond dispute, he offered me a church or two

the owner of these buildings. Holding this to be beyond dispute, he offered me a church or two.

"At Mavaguez, a thriving city of 20,000 inhabitants situated in the southwestern part of the island and not far from where Gen. Miles landed, there was being built at the time a very fine church. It has a steel frame with soire comblete. When news of the landing of the Americans arrived the workmen laid down their tools, and those tools were still scattered about the building when I was there. Holding services in the place, some of the people good-naturedly told me I might take the suiding and finish it.

"The first service I held in San Juan I get a concregation by going into the park, mounting a seat and beginning to read the Scritture. In other places I had to take time to naverthem myself. After the people were forbidden to go to becar me I found myself known everywhere, and the people flocked in great numbers to hear me. I do not attribute the great outpauring of seople to hear me to any ardent religious tendencies, but rather to their currently and their desire to honor an American The people are very grateful to Americans. Their lovality to us is quite remarkable. Action and their desire to honor an American Their lovality to us is quite remarkable. A fine the cally all of the churchgoing to Catholic services. I preached in theatres for the mental part. I think there will not be the slighter trouble about Protestants getting a first four hold in the Island within a very short time. The people are neour and cannot build services are not and cannot build services. The people are neour and cannot build services are not and cannot build services are not and cannot build services are not raceded in that warm